

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

THE KILLING OF CASTANEDA AT KEY WEST.

A Disastrous Riot at Havana Caused By It.

Three Hundred and Fifty Persons Killed.

A RESERVE REGIMENT LYNCHED IN VIRGINIA.

The International Yacht Race Fallen Through.

NEW YORK CITY.

New York, February 3.

The stone-masons are still on a strike, and are quite resolute not to give in to the reduction proposed by Commodore Vanderbilt. The strikers number one hundred and ten men and were all employed on the new Hudson River Railroad Depot. The Commodore wants the men to work for \$4 per day, instead of \$4.50.

The following telegram, explanatory of the Key West tragedy, has been received in this city:

Key West, February 1.

The duel between Castaneda and Reyes, editor of El Republicano, did not take place because the authorities interfered. Another Cuban challenged Castaneda, but the latter would not accept. The Cuban then insulted Castaneda who fired a shot at him, and in returning the fire Castaneda was killed.

Another Cuban and a Spaniard, who were present, exchanged shots, and were both slightly wounded.

The jury in the Gleason divorce case could not agree, and were discharged yesterday. They stood seven for the plaintiff and five for the defendant.

There were six hundred and fifty-seven immigrants landed at this port since January 20, making a total of four thousand two hundred and eighty-four who have arrived since the first of the year.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

LONDON, February 3.

Mr. Douglas has received a letter from Mr. Ashby, declining his offer of challenge for a race between the yachts Sappho and Omaha, and now offers a new proposition to Douglas, for three races, from Nob Light, round Owers Light, off the Sussex coast, thence around a steamboat twenty miles out to sea, and back to Nob Light, a total distance of 550 miles.

Ashby recalls his former offer to race the Sappho unconditionally, and insists on a time allowance, should a race now take place, and the observance of the New York rule of measurement. Douglas will probably accept the Owers Light race, if it is offered.

France.

PARIS, February 3.

Several deputies propose soon to move in the Corps Legislatif the restoration of the property of the Orleans family.

SPAIN.

RICHMOND, February 3.

Information has been received that Charles Thomas, living some eight or ten miles from Floyd Court House, was forcibly taken from his home last night and unmercifully whipped by a party of disguised men. It appears that Thomas had been in the service of the internal revenue as informer, and upon his reports several parties engaged in the illicit distillation of whisky were arrested and their property seized, and it is supposed that the friends of his victims in the neighborhood administered the chastigation. He was stripped, bound and received several hundred lashes.

FLORIDA.

KEY WEST, February 3.

Mr. Ramon, agent of the Cuban Junta, has received a dispatch confirming the report that three hundred and fifty persons had been killed and wounded by the Spaniards in Havana, in a tumult growing out of the Castaneda affair. At the latest accounts the carnage had not ceased. The Cubans seem to have been murdered without resort to persons.

Rev. Mr. Naab's Domestic Exports.

When torn from my peaceful home to flee my friends of the South, I had a wife which I loved. Life was a peaceful stream, and we floated calmly along. She took in washing, and I talked politics at a neighbor's govery, and the proceeds of her labor in the sustenance afforded at the bar. When I returned, what? The killing of men outside was not the most heartrending incidents of that fratricidal struggle. It was the severing of domestic ties—the tearing down of domestic altars, and the separation of families. When I returned I was coldly met. Louisa Jane was at home. I asked her in my old family way for a dollar and a 3/4, as I wanted to go down the street.

"That's played," she remarked.

"Haven't you got it?" I asked.

"Hev," she replied, "and I propose to keep it. I hev discovered suthin since you've gone. I hev found that it's easy enuff to support myself and children washin' at a dollar a dozen, but add to that a hulkin man, with a nose like yours, and it's harder than I keer. This house is mine—yoo kin vacate."

And she calmly rung out ashter us the wat she said was a common place remark instead of a practical divorce.

I hev her. A friend, who had put this luv into her head, and she had acted on it. Since that time I hev weeded my way alone, subsistin by chance. Abolitionism was me the leaker I ought to hev hed out of what that woman hev turned out that cruel day. Oh, what a fearful debt to pay!

How he Made It.

Nathan Matthews, who returns the largest income in Boston—\$750,000 according to an exchange, failed in business a few years ago, but got started again by industry, and paid every cent of his indebtedness. He then got a little capital, which he invested in suburban building lots, selling whenever he could realize the smallest profit. He also built houses, selling them whenever he could get the smallest advance. By steadily pursuing this policy, at once beneficial to the community and to himself, he has gained his immense wealth.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES.

Vermont had a female suffrage convention yesterday.

Georgia ratified the fifteenth amendment yesterday.

New Jersey rejected the fifteenth amendment yesterday.

Chicago sent forty-one prisoners to the Joliet penitentiary yesterday.

Jay Gould has presented ten thousand dollars to Princeton College.

Prince Arthur visited A. T. Stewart's store in New York yesterday.

A work-horse suspended on the New York post office for want of funds.

The Kentucky State Convention of colored men met on the twenty-third.

Eight buildings were burned in Clarksville, Tennessee, yesterday, at a loss of \$15,000.

The Board of Education of New York City, ask for \$2,364,000 for current expenses for 1870.

The New Jersey Legislature is after the Erie Railway, as account of exorbitant charges.

George Wilkes is about to sue the Turf, Field, and Farm for twenty thousand dollars damages.

Mrs. Catharine Welch was beaten to death by her husband, in Mulberry street, New York, yesterday.

Since the assembling of the Ecumenical Council, seven of its members have died and two left Rome.

A convention of delegates from the various sporting associations of the country, assembled in New York yesterday.

Ann Rachel, of Chicago, was badly burned last night before by the explosion of a diamond oil lamp, and died yesterday.

Richard Leslie was instantly killed Tuesday at the Peoria gas works, by having a wagon tongue run completely through him.

The New Mexico Legislature have adopted the State Constitution to be submitted to a popular vote on the first Monday in October.

Reddy, the blacksmith, had his head split open with a pitcher, in a drunken row, in New York, yesterday. It is feared he will recover.

A dispatch from London says: A letter has been received here, from Captain Cochran, of the Royal Navy, commanding Petrel Station, off African coast. He reports that Dr. David Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, had been burned, as a wizard, by a chief, in the interior.

The warrants issued from the Treasury Department during January, were as follows: Civil miscellaneous, and foreign: interior, \$3,696,041; war, \$5,300,260; navy, \$3,036,900; interior, pension and Indian, \$661,042. Total, \$12,694,243. This does not include the warrants issued on account of the public debt.

In the Senate yesterday, after the introduction of several bills, the currency bill was taken up and passed—yeas, 39; nays, 23. The census bill was taken up and laid over in order.

The bill to authorize the Secretary of the Navy to transfer to the Bureau of Construction and Repairs of Steam Engineering, certain unappropriated balances to the credit of other bureaus came up. Mr. Trumbull objected, and spoke against such transfer. The bill was laid over, and after discussion as to what should be done next, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported several private bills, which passed; also, a resolution calling upon the President for information in reference to American citizens confined in British prisons for political offences, which, after some discussion was laid over. Some necessary but uninteresting business was transacted, after which the House went into Committee of the Whole on appropriations for the District of Columbia.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Currency Bill—Changes in the Consular Service—Admission of Mississippi—Senator Reviewer's Congress—Makins Hay While the Sun Shines—Supreme Court—Etc.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette's Special of this morning.)

The Secretary of State has sent a letter to the Senate Committee on Commerce, recommending a number of material changes in the consular service. He proposes a considerable number of cases to prohibit Consuls from doing outside business; in others to give them a salary instead of allowing them to retain fees; in others to reduce the salaries because Consuls are of little importance, and still others to increase the salaries because the posts have recently become important. There are about twenty-five of the feed consulates that he thinks should be made salaried; about twenty where he advises some decrease of salary; about a dozen for which he suggested slightly increased appropriation. Nearly one-third of the proposed increase is for the Chinese Consulates, which are daily becoming of more consequence and where the Secretary wants the Consuls to cease doing outside business, for the reason that they have judicial functions and are often called upon to decide questions between the citizens of our country who are engaged in trade. The entire list of changes recommended, concurrence in which would make the service vastly more efficient, involves increased expenses of but about eight thousand dollars.

The currency bill got through the Senate to-day, in accordance with the Finance Committee's programme as given last night. It provides for the retirement of all the outstanding three per cents, now amounting to \$45,000,000, the issue of \$45,000,000 additional national bank circulation, and the withdrawal of \$70,000,000 from the New England banks for redistribution. It provides, as well be known, for \$65,000,000 to be distributed in the South and West, but the \$20,000,000 withdrawal from the East can not be put out till the original \$45,000,000 are issued, which will hardly be under a year. The provision which allows banks in one State to remove to another State, is not likely to work any great change in financial affairs, as but few banks have ever desired to do this. The bill, as it now stands, is a compromise pretty generally satisfactory. Several bank men from New England are here, and they say it will be acceptable to their section, and they will aid their friends in the House to vote for it without opposition.

The Reconstruction Committee will have a special meeting to-morrow, to consider the application of Mississippi for restoration to Con-

stitutional privileges. The indications are that the bill for her readmission will contain conditions similar to those in the Virginia bill.

One of the most important bills reported this session is that brought in by the Judiciary Committee to-day by Trumbull. It extends the entire protection of the great Civil Rights act to the Chinese, and its passage will work a revolution in California affairs.

Senator-elect Revels was on the floor of the Senate Chamber nearly all the afternoon, quickly waiting the proceedings, and talking with his future associates, and his wife was in the gallery to see how her husband was received.

A large mass meeting of the best class of citizens of the District, irrespective of race or color, was held at the City Hall this afternoon, to initiate measures for the consolidation of the county and two cities into one government, with delegates in Congress. Judge Fisher, of the Criminal Court, the President and all the active participants are persons of high standing. Resolutions were adopted to labor with Congress.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial's Special.)

In anticipation of the speedy passage by the Senate of the bill to abolish the franking privilege, Congressmen are making haste in sending out to their constituents all the old documents and pamphlets on hand. There are a million and a half of public documents and pamphlets in the vaults of the Capitol, awaiting to receive a frank, in order to be mailed between the present time and July first, next. More are being printed every day, which will be added to the list.

By a concerted action, nearly all the military officers in the District have petitioned Congress to raise their rate of monthly pay, and the petitions, numbering thousands of names, are now in the military room of the House—a monument to their folly. The claim for increase is based upon the fact that their salaries have not been increased for several years, while other salaries have been advanced materially. The committee will pay no attention to these petitions. No bill for the object will be offered.

The arguments in the important cases now before the Supreme Court, involving the constitutionality of the conscription acts, were closed to-day. The Court will not be able to render a decision for several weeks.

FROM NEW YORK.

A New Owl in the Whisky Ring—Don't Stay Long—British Consul Investigates the Whisky War—Finds Stolen Bonds Recovered—Discovery of the Three Lost Children of Winckie, Etc.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette's Special of this morning.)

It is understood that a new ring has been formed here to work in connection with the whisky ring in the West. Several prominent politicians, some of them office holders, are concerned in it, and the object is to favor the whisky business in the West and enable Western distillers to undersell New York distillers in this market.

Among the passengers for Europe to-day by the steamer Russia, was General Clinton B. Fisk, of St. Louis, who goes to Frankfurt as financial agent of the Southern Pacific and other Western roads.

Prince Arthur received a cable dispatch to-day, from London, advising him to make his visit to the United States as brief as possible, consistent with etiquette.

Two officers, sent by the Queen's Cabinet to investigate the Red River troubles, are expected by the next Cunard steamer. They will proceed to Toronto immediately, and thence to the Northwest by way of St. Paul and Fort Abernethy.

The money market is easy at 5 to 6 per cent, with exceptions at 7 and 8 per cent. Prime business notes pass at 7 to 8 per cent.

Railway speculation has strengthened, and the business to-day was quite active. The leading stocks were New York Central, Reading, New Jersey Central, Northwestern, and Lake Shore.

Thirty thousand dollars' worth of bonds, supposed to have been stolen in Chicago or Cincinnati, were found to-day, in the possession of two Western thieves, at the Northern Hotel, and are now held for identification.

(From the Commercial's Special.)

The bodies of the three Winckie lost children were found this morning at the foot of a mountain about two miles from the place where William Ramsey, living near the ponds, being in the neighborhood with a companion, had their attention attracted by some crows circling in the air, and proceeded to the spot where they were descending. Upon reaching the spot they discovered the remains of three children, the children of Joseph Winckie. The two younger ones were under the shelf of a rock, where they had evidently crept for shelter. The older one was found lying about ten feet off. The bodies were slightly disfigured by crows, but they were recognized by their clothing. Mr. Ramsey at once went to Winckie for assistance, and the facts there became known to Mr. Rusking, the engineer of the New York and Washington Railroad.

A Railroad Haunted by the Spirits of a Victim.

The Boston papers publish the following as a strange but well authenticated story:

The engineer of the freight train on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, which leaves Boston about three o'clock in the morning, had on several occasions discovered a red light swinging at a furious rate at the Woodburn station, where the train stops for water. The light would sometimes be in front, and sometimes in the rear of the train. When the engineer would stop his train and send some one to learn why the signal to stop was made, the messenger would be greatly surprised to see the light vanish. Investigation has proved that no person was there with a lantern, and the broken and conductor could also in having beheld the phenomenon, which, so far as known, is without visible cause. Some laborers living on the line of the above station state that a few mornings since they were engaged in the road in a hand car, when they suddenly heard the approach of an engine and train, and knowing that no train was due in the vicinity at that hour, they became greatly frightened, and, jumping out of the car, threw it off the track to await the train which they thought was coming at a rapid pace upon them, but which, it is needless to say, did not come. The superstitious regard the affair as a forewarning of some disaster, while the spiritualists have the ready theory that it is the spirit of a man who was killed there about two years since.

A Remarkable Crew.

(From the Leavenworth Commercial.)

There is a tame crow which takes its favorite perch at the corner of Miami and Second streets, and which disports itself much after the manner of the raven in Barnaby Rudge. It is a sarcastic bird. Its favorite stand is on the electric line at Dr. Morris' house, and, perambulating along that coast, it picks out the pegs with devilish ingenuity and flings them over its head amid a hurricane of laughter.

On Sunday night it stood on the top of Dr. Morris' house, and looking into the colored church, saw and heard the minister gesturing and shouting. With a human intelligence it comprehended the situation, and moving its black body to and fro, stood first on one leg and then on the other, crowing and shaking its wings in an ecstasy of delight. When the singing in the chapel rose loud and strong, the happiness of the bird knew no bounds, and he imitated the strains so far as the formation of his beak would admit with scientific accuracy.

The Madening Influence of Crime.

The Traupmann tragedy set quite a number of the volatile brains of Paris mad. There was a Zouave, who declared some other man had been Traupmann's accomplice; an artilleryman attempted to kill, in a wine-shop, a person of whom he knew nothing, and on being arrested loudly proclaimed himself to be an accomplice, and declared that he "wished to be celebrated as Traupmann," a respectable lady went to see the examining magistrate, and, on being admitted by that functionary, burst into tears, and declared herself Traupmann's accomplice; and the abused candidate at the late elections, M. Gagne, who harangued the passers at the foot of the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, calling on the public to kill the Emperor like a "wild beast," surpassed his former eccentricities by sending to all the Paris newspapers a circular in which he "solicits the supreme honor of being executed instead of Traupmann." But of this unfortunately I know nothing. I want to make it appear that our courtship was of some week's duration, in order that public attention may not be too closely directed to the matter, and I propose to attend the date of my departure for America to the day before the date of her death. No one who knew the old lady would be surprised at my leaving her three weeks after marriage. Two hours is, perhaps, rather too short a honeymoon, and moreover, it identifies the date of my departure with that of the misguided man of whom the Scotland Yard police contingent were in search. Now, to justify me in attempting this, I want you to make desperate love to Edith Bostock, and to obtain from her, in the course of this flirtation, such information on the subject of her late godmother's history and habits as shall enable me to concoct a rather less violent account of my marriage with her, than the account which is actually true.

"And if I refuse?" said Buckthorpe.

"But you won't refuse. If you do I shall have to content myself with £200 and not £450,000. Now I think we understand one another."

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"Not at all. Do you believe the account I gave you of my marriage?"

"Yes, I dare say it's true enough."

"For the sake of argument," said Randall, "we will assume that you have searched the register and found that the document is genuine. In that case you believe that I am entitled to the late Miss Brackenbury's money?"

"Very good. Then you are only helping me to my own. You will, if you please, meet me to-morrow morning at Waterloo station, in time to catch the nine a. m. train."

iii.

Randall and Buckthorpe arrived in due course at Beachington-on-the-Sea. There, at the Beachington Arms, surely enough, were Major Bostock and his pretty niece Edith, and to complicate matters, there was Mr. Bangles, a retired East Indian civilian, who, with his old chum Bostock's consent, and, indeed, at his instigation, was laying violent siege to Edith's heart. Mr. Joe Bangles was a stout, florid, good-humored man of eight-and-forty, and, to be sure, a little under the weather, but his impression that he was in the very prime of life. Edith, who was only seventeen, had her own views on this subject, and they differed from Mr. Bangles'. Her uncle, the Major, was not a severe guardian. He favored Edith, and he believed Joe Bangles to be the very best man in the world—the man, of all others, pre-eminently calculated to make a young and pretty girl happy; but beyond pointing out to Edith the innumerable good points of Mr. Bangles' character, he did little or nothing to prevent matters from taking their natural course. Edith liked the great, fat, jolly fellow, but as to loving him, that of course was out of the question. Joe Bangles was not the very best man in the world, but he was an uncommonly good fellow, and he was, to be sure, a little under the weather, but that perhaps the pretty girl might, in course of time, begin to think more kindly of him, and determined, if she did not, that he would accept his position with the best possible grace.

Buckthorpe had little difficulty in making the acquaintance of Major Bostock, and the Major's acquaintance made, his niece followed in natural course. The Major and Bangles left Beachington for three days' partridge shooting soon after Randall and Buckthorpe arrived, leaving Edith under the care of Miss Spinn, a lady of demure age but cheerful manners, whose proceedings during the last twelve months had been limited to the superintendence of Edith's proceedings, in the ostensible capacity of an old and devoted friend, but in point of fact, as a middle-aged and devoted companion.

Miss Spinn was, I am sorry to say, unworthy of the confidence that Major Bostock reposed in her. Joe Bangles's jolly manner and Joe Bangles's jolly party had their due effect upon Miss Spinn, and she was not long under these circumstances it will be understood that Joe Bangles's avowed admiration for Edith became as a cancerworm in Miss Spinn's heart, and it occurred to her that the three days' absence of the old gentleman might be turned to profitable account, if she permitted Clondestley Buckthorpe and Edith Bostock to see a good deal of each other.

When two young people of opposite sex have taken a pronounced liking to each other, and nothing whatever occurs to prevent their meeting as often as they please, and without any restraining influence whatever in the shape of careful parents or prudish dunces, a good deal may be done in three days. In the particular instance under consideration so much was done in three days, that, at their expiration, Buckthorpe was seriously in love with Edith, and Edith no less seriously in love with Buckthorpe. Moreover, they had confided these facts to one another.

The Major and Joe Bangles returned in due course, but Buckthorpe and Edith, feeling perhaps that their engagement might startle Mr. Bostock, if it were immediately announced to him, determined, to postpone the avowal for, at all events, some weeks. Moreover, it occurred to Buckthorpe that the Major's avowed desire that Edith should marry Mr. Bangles, and the fact that Buckthorpe was all but penniless, might present themselves as obstacles to the perfect adjustment of the understanding he was anxious to bring about.

In the meantime Randall began to think that it was high time that Clondestley should have made himself master of such details of the late Miss Brackenbury's habits and mode of life, as should enable him (Randall) to concoct a more reasonable story of his marriage with that lady. He politely suggested this to Buckthorpe, and Buckthorpe, who was earnestly in love with Edith, not only declined to furnish Randall with such details as he had incidentally become possessed of, but absolutely refused to pump Edith on the subject at all.

Randall was furious at Buckthorpe's detection. He used every means in his power to shake Buckthorpe's resolve, but in vain. Buckthorpe was resolute. He declined altogether to play into Randall's hands, and in short he completely threw off all his allegiance to Randall—so completely, indeed, that he gave the unscrupulous gentleman a sound thrashing with a billiard cue in return for his having ventured to speak in disrespectful terms of Edith Bostock.

Buckthorpe's indifference to Randall's claims upon him sprung from two causes. In the first place he had had the benefit of a close association for three weeks with a pretty and virtuous girl, and this association had had its proper effect upon him. In the second place he had received an intimation from his uncle, the Major, that the chancery suit in which he was interested had come to an unexpected conclusion, and that he was entitled, not to his full claim, but to twelve or fourteen thousand pounds.

His Mother's Advice.

The Philadelphia Age relates that when President Andrew Jackson was told that Purser Randolph, who was dismissed from the navy for defalcation, had been arrested for his assault upon him, he exclaimed: "Yes, and I greatly regret it, and have ordered his release. If I had not been interfered with, I would have punished the scoundrel on the spot. I do not want the aid of the law to protect me, or redress my wrongs. My dear mother, God bless her, when I was a boy, gave me this piece of advice: 'Never to sue for slander, or for assault and battery, or permit a personal assault to go unpunished on the spot; and God knows I have most religiously adhered to it throughout my life,' and dashing a long-stemmed white clay pipe, which he had been smoking, on the marble-piecer by which he was erectly standing, he broke it into atoms."

How It Worked.

A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, to make some pretensions to medical skill, and prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient, with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, and the latter, inquiring of the negro what medicine he had given his master, Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir."

"What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "the alum to draw the parts together, and de rosin to sew 'em um." The patient eventually recovered.

A Sure Cure for Corns.

A reliable citizen, a member of the Common Council, furnishes us with the following certain cure for corns, which he has tested for twenty-six years, with never failing success. First, have common sense, and get your boots made wide enough around the toes to admit of the heels of the shoes to rest on the corns down as thin as possible, without drawing blood; cut a piece of yellow erasable soap, about the thickness of pasteboard; place it on the corn and wrap a strip of linen, about an inch wide, around it, to keep it there day and night, renew the plaster once or twice a week, and in due time the soap will have eaten away all the dead skin, and a new skin, as soft as a baby's, will grow upon the spot. This is said to be a positive and certain cure, and is easily applied.

A Snorer.

The manager of a Berlin theater got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with cloth. On the table was a basin, and a man, dressed in the robes of a tyrant, stood up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious. The audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily, a wag who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful of snuff on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, and changed the audience from "grate to gay" with remarkable expedition.

Wouldn't Come Away.

An American lady, Mrs. Hill, who had been missing for some time, turned up at last in a Roman convent. Her husband came on, had an interview with the Secretary of State, and demanded her surrender. Antonelli said, "Certainly, if she chooses to go with you," and gave him an order to that effect. Mr. Hill went, saw and did not conquer, as the lady declined to go home, alleging that she was not happy with him, and was happy where she was. He cried out that it was a Mortara case, and threatened the English diet, etc., etc.; but Antonelli simply replied: "No possumus; your wife is of age, and we can not do violence to her inclination."

The Tribune on Fechter.

The New York Tribune says of Fechter: "What we expected—and what we had a clear right to expect, after Mr. Dickens' clarion and the numerous minor bugles—was, if not a phenomenon, to say the least of it, a unique actor. What we do in fact see is a stout, middle-aged gentleman, full of years and dinners, whose countenance has little nobility of expression, whose whole aspect is commonplace, whose voice, though delicate in quality, is an organ of the ordinary sort, who speaks English with a French cadence, and now and then with a pudding-headed cockney drawl, and who, altogether, impresses the mind as a substantial result of the sausage and berry of philosophic Germany, bettered by London stout."

RANDALL'S THUMB.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Well," said Buckthorpe, after a pause, "what do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell you. My acquaintance with my wife was of three days' duration only—three days before marriage—two hours after. Now, if in order to establish my claim to the money she left behind her, I rely upon the simple truth of my story (every word of which I am in a position to prove), the awkward fact will come out that I am the unfortunate individual who, under another name, left this hotel for Liverpool, en route to America five minutes before the detective from Scotland Yard entered it in search of him. This circumstance, you will understand, I am anxious to avoid. So I propose to construct a more probable account of my marriage than the story I just told you, and in order to do so, I must know something of my late wife's history. But of this unfortunately I know nothing. I want to make it appear that our courtship was of some week's duration, in order that public attention may not be too closely directed to the matter, and I propose to attend the date of my departure for America to the day before the date of her death. No one who knew the old lady would be surprised at my leaving her three weeks after marriage. Two hours is, perhaps, rather too short a honeymoon, and moreover, it identifies the date of my departure with that of the misguided man of whom the Scotland Yard police contingent were in search. Now, to justify me in attempting this, I want you to make desperate love to Edith Bostock, and to obtain from her, in the course of this flirtation, such information on the subject of her late godmother's history and habits as shall enable me to concoct a rather less violent account of my marriage with her, than the account which is actually true."

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Buckthorpe had little difficulty in making the acquaintance of Major Bostock, and the Major's acquaintance made, his niece followed in natural course. The Major and Bangles left Beachington for three days' partridge shooting soon after Randall and Buckthorpe arrived, leaving Edith under the care of Miss Spinn, a lady of demure age but cheerful manners, whose proceedings during the last twelve months had been limited to the superintendence of Edith's proceedings, in the ostensible capacity of an old and devoted friend, but in point of fact, as a middle-aged and devoted companion.



**THE NEWS.**  
Published every week day afternoon, at three o'clock, at the office, northwest corner of Meridian and Circle streets. Price, two cents per copy. Subscriptions: For one year, \$1.00; for six months, \$0.60; for three months, \$0.35; for one month, \$0.15. All communications, whether on business or for publication, must be addressed to the Manager.

**THE EVENING NEWS.**  
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1870.

For pure unadulterated Bourbonism, which never learns anything and never forgets anything, commend us to Kentucky. The people there have good reason to know that there is a war in this country; that fact was, with a good deal of difficulty, beaten into their heads. But they don't seem to know that the war has produced changes, or if they do, there is a settled determination not to conform to them. Kentucky always reminds us of the old and decrepit giant in Pilgrim's Progress, who sat at the mouth of his cave, gnawing his thumbs and cursing the pilgrims as they passed by. She offers just such insubstantial opposition to the Constitutional Amendments and the laws of Congress, and at the same time thinks she is working wonders. For the genuine article of State pride and self conceit, Kentucky can beat the world. The latest evidence of this Bourbonism appeared yesterday, when the House, by a vote of seventy-three to fifteen, laid on the table a resolution instructing the Judiciary to inquire into the propriety of repealing all laws prohibiting negro testimony against whites. The Civil Rights bill rendered all such laws null and void, and negro testimony is now legally just as good as white testimony in Kentucky and every other State. Negro votes too, will soon be worth as much as white votes, and Kentucky politicians will not be long in finding it out, either. Such actions as that of yesterday are supremely silly, and would be unbecoming in a lot of disappointed school boys, let alone such a body of Solons as the Kentucky Legislature must be. If that State can live and prosper on recollections of the past, well and good; but if her people propose to develop their resources and build up a great commonwealth corresponding to the extent of their territory and unsurpassed advantages, it is time they found out that some questions have been dead and buried for several years, and can only be forgotten now. What Kentucky needs more even than all the other States, is the spirit which accepts the irremediable situation and makes the best of it.

A New York paper which believes in annexing all the territory to be had for good will or purchase, and is rampant on the Cuban question, has just unearthed an historical fact which it makes the cause for much weeping. It says that after Oliver Cromwell had conquered Jamaica, he proffered the gift of that island to the Massachusetts Colony. He urged upon Leverett, in 1656, that the people of New England were as clearly called by God from thence to the rich soil and delightful climate of Jamaica, as they had been called from Old England to New England. He praised the island, enlarged on its value, showed how rich the Massachusetts colonists would get there, and wound up his offer by promising that the colonists should have the government of Jamaica wholly in their own hands, and should be strengthened and backed up with the power of England. The staid old Puritans couldn't see it, however. Warm climates and black faces were their abhorrence; they preferred bleak New England to the orange groves and sugar canes of Jamaica plantations. And so Jamaica never became an American State, and never served as a political haven among the West India islands, to "democratize and annex them." It was, doubtless, a great pity, but in the midst of such unadulterated grief, a flippancy mind can not help asking the use of crying over spilled milk. Cuba has never been "democratized;" her people are now little better than barbarians, and will not begin to make as good citizens as our own Indians. We don't want Cuba, even if her citizens were a thousand-fold better than they are. We have more territory now than we can well manage. If we ever do want Cuba it will be very easy to get her, but until then there is no use in agitating the question.

When several members of the Council bolted upon the question of appropriating five hundred dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association, we thought that would end the matter, but it was brought up again on Monday night and adopted. It is to be hoped that nothing like it will ever be done again. As a general rule, the Council has no right to vote away the people's money to charitable institutions, no matter how deserving they be. In this case there was some excuse for it, but if the Council does its duty the reason will die with the expenditure of the appropriation. If a station house is provided for destitute midnight wanderers and maintained at the expense of the city, the Association will not be called upon to provide food and shelter for them. The money in the city treasury is paid for the purpose of maintaining and improving the city and its government, not to be dispensed in charities. The Council have no right to compel a man to give against his will, and if the taxes are used as they ought to be there will be no call for them to do it. Let the city at once relieve the Young Men's Christian Association of the work they have so cheerfully accepted and performed, but which it was the business of the city to attend to. Then, if the people want to give money in charity let them do it, but don't force them to be benevolent by spending taxes levied for other purposes.

In Mr. Olivier's speech in the French Senate, made in answer to the demand of a member for an outline of the home policy of the Government, is to be taken at its face, France will see some radical changes if his administration continues for any length of time. He referred to the first Napoleon, "who, after marching through Europe, and fatiguing victory, and putting his foot on the head of Kings, said at Fontainebleau, in the hour of his misfortune, 'I am not conquered by coalitions, armies, but by liberal ideas.'" The Prime Minister went on to say: "I have been repeating this for more than ten years. I said long ago to the Emperor, 'If you would be great, give to this country the fullest and most loyal extension of political liberty.'" The Emperor has now accepted the idea. These are "brave words and fully spoken," but it remains to be seen whether the French people will allow the experiment to be tried.

Dr. David Livingstone, the great African explorer, is dead again, so a dispatch from London this morning tells us. This time he was burned by an African chief, who believed him to be a wizard. The report comes from a Captain in the British Navy stationed off the African coast, and as it is so far entirely unsupported, may be set down as another one of those rumors which have put Livingstone out of the world so many times. It will probably be several months before the truth can be known, and in the meantime it is best not to believe the report.

**A JOURNALISTIC INCIDENT.**

**How the Times Swindled the Herald.**  
(From Mr. Maserick's "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press.")

In September, 1854, the Collins steamer Arctic was lost at sea. Among her passengers were many prominent citizens of New York; and the news of the dreadful shipwreck carried poignant sorrow to hundreds of households. Early in October, when the steamer had been long overdue at the port of New York, on her return voyage from Liverpool, vague apprehensions of disaster began to prevail; and, as day after day passed, without tidings of the missing vessel, wild rumors filled the air. From day to day the feeling of dread became intensified, and the excitement hourly increased. Finally, late in the night on the 10th of October a rumor suddenly spread through the city, to the effect that the Arctic had actually been lost; that there had been a fearful loss of human lives; that a solitary survivor had returned, and that this survivor had brought authentic intelligence of the disaster. This report reached the ear of the assistant who was then in charge of the city department of the Times; but it reached him at an advanced hour of the night, when all but himself had finished their labors, and had returned to their homes. Sending reporters out in all directions, with strict charge to spare no pains in sifting the rumors of the night, he strove to gather authentic intelligence; but the effort was futile. The reporters returned with news that no trace of the survivor's movements could be found. A paragraph was accordingly written, announcing, in guarded phrase, that rumors of the total loss of the Arctic had been current during the night, but that nothing of a definite character was known. This announcement, placed in a prominent part of the Times, under a displayed heading, was all that it was possible to say. Discouraged, discouraged, and apprehensive, the head of the city department then departed for his home. But the adventures and the excitement of the night were not destined to be so speedily finished. The perturbed editor, instinctively feeling that there was something yet unrevealed, mused, while dosing in a horse car, at the hour of three o'clock in the morning, and his strung nerves made him sensitive. Scarcely had the car gone a half-mile from its starting point, when a stranger, hurriedly coming down a side street, jumped upon the rear platform, evidently in an excited state, and began a conversation with the conductor in the hurried and incoherent manner of a man who had simultaneously heard startling news, and indulged in conviviality. The disjointed sentences which fell from the lips of this man furnished a clue to the watchful editor in the furthest corner of the car, whose hearing was as painfully acute as his professional pride was seriously wounded,—for defeat in the pursuit of news sits heavily upon the soul of a newspaper man. The words, "Arctic,"—"only man who had got in"—"Burns"—"St. Nicholas hotel"—"Herald office"—"bottle wine"—conveyed distinct ideas. The words formed themselves into this shape in the mind of the weary watcher in the corner: "A man by the name of Burns has escaped from the wreck of the Arctic; he is at the St. Nicholas hotel; he has been pushed out of New York as fast as possible after landing; he has gravitated to the Herald office, knowing that the Herald pays well for exclusive news; the Herald has got his story; and there is a trick to keep it away from all the other papers." Out of the car he rushed the Times man; down Broadway he tore across the park, and up to the printing room of the Times he rushed. There he found the foreman placidly putting on his coat, in preparation for departure. "Stop the press!" was the first uttered word. "Why?" inquired the foreman. "Because the Herald has got hold of a survivor of the Arctic, and is trying one of its old games; but we'll beat yet!"

A bell tinkled; a message went down the speaking tube which led from composing room to cellar; the great press stopped. A foreman in the press room was called up, and these words passed: "South, you know the Herald office; they've got hold of a story about the Arctic, which belongs to all the press, and they mean to keep it, and cheat us out of it; I want a copy of it, and want you to get it in any way you can; will you do it?" "How do you know they've got it?" "The circumstances were recited. "All right!" said South. "I'll get it, provided you don't ask me any questions." The promise was given. "South" departed, to return a few minutes afterward, with the information that the Herald office was all right (the hour was four o'clock in the morning); that the press room was fast locked; and that all the carriers and newsboys had been excluded.

"What shall I do?" asked "South." "Get the first copy of the Herald that comes off the press," was the order instantly given. "Buy it, beg it, steal it, anything so long as you get it; and to-morrow you shall have fifty dollars for your trouble." "Enough said," observed "South." Twenty minutes later he appeared in the office of the Times, then at the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, with a copy of the Herald, containing Mr. George H. Burns's narrative of the loss of the Arctic, printed in double-column type. Meanwhile, the whole force of Times compositors had been routed out of their beds; messengers sent in urgent haste; each man stood at his "case," "stick" in hand, and "South" returned wearing the next morning's Herald, triumphantly over his head, a mighty "hurrah!" went up, which might have been heard for several blocks. The Herald "copy" was cut up into four-line "skates;" in an hour the whole story was in type; and the people of the Herald, blissfully unconscious that a copy of that journal had been adroitly abstracted, withheld all their city circulation until nine o'clock a. m., sending off only the mail copies containing the long-expected relation of the dreadful disaster. By eight o'clock in the morning the Times was procurable at all the newsstands in the city, and its subscribers had received the news an hour before. Edition after edition of the Times was called for; and its Hoe press ran without intermission from seven o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, to supply the continual demand.

Nor was this all; for on the following day the Times gave twelve columns of statements of passengers who had escaped by boats from the sinking steamer, and one column of editorial comment upon the disaster. Mr. Raymond, entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, volunteered his services as a reporter, and for one day actually put himself under the orders of the city editor, who had the matter in charge. It is needless to add that Mr. Raymond's report was the best of all. On the following day, "South" received his gift from the proprietors of the Times, and the city editor's salary was increased at the rate of \$5 a week, as a reward for the energy he had displayed.

**We Brothers Brown.**  
We sing no songs of camps or kings,  
We write no love-sonnets;  
We lead no conquering column on,  
Yet we uphold its glory.  
The banner fly and fly,  
The banner fly and fly,  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.  
In many a port the hatches fall,  
The sea hath never seen us dead;  
The craven-crew is just a lee,  
Look lively, lads, and steady.  
Sway, brothers, sway,  
Haul and haul, haul—  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.  
In forests deep a waiting us,  
The heels to be are growing—  
The axe hath never seen us bleed,  
The winds are ever blowing.  
Sing, brothers, sing,  
The axe ring and ring—  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.

The prairie roll and bloom and lure,  
As were the world one meadow;  
The clouds are only looms that drop  
Their rippling webs of shadow.  
Sow, brothers, sow,  
The grain will grow—  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.  
The sea is kind; throw net and line,  
It can not well deny us—  
We're always need upon the land—  
The winds were made to try us.  
Pull, brothers, pull,  
Our nets are full and full—  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.  
We sow and pull, we sow and sow,  
We bring the day when king and king  
Will be but man and neighbor.  
Sing, brothers, sing,  
Our song shall ring and ring—  
We brothers brown—  
We two bare hands.

**The Story That Pleased Her.**

We find these verses in the Buffalo Courier. They are not musical and not smooth, and they are very, very wicked; but we fear they are true:  
"Now, papa, tell me a story,  
Of the kind I love so well;  
Came the voice of my little daughter,  
My darling bright-eyed Nell.  
'Come to me, then, my pretty,  
And tell me what shall I be;  
And with a laugh like a merry tinkle,  
She bounded up on my knee.'  
And I told her of 'Old Mother Morey,'  
'Dane Trot,' and 'Little Boy Blue,'  
'Red Riding-Hood and her Grandmother,'  
And 'Jacky Horner,' too.  
I sang her a 'Song of Sixpence,'  
And sang her a 'Rag of Rye,'  
But failed to interest her,  
And she began to cry.  
'Oh, why do you weep, my Nellie?  
My daughter, so good and mild?'  
And she sobbed: 'Such stories as these may do  
For others, but not for this child.'  
So then I told her a story  
Of the little boy who, in little bits  
Chopped up his mother, and frightened  
His young sister into fits.  
And how on the broad Atlantic,  
When the angry tempest roared,  
He caught the crew and the captain,  
And pitched them overboard!  
And how he became a pirate  
Upon the Spanish main—  
And she clasped her little innocent hands,  
And asked me to tell it again!"

**"SCRAPS."**

Four cruises are traveling in Texas.  
Council Bluffs has impeached its Mayor.  
Chicago pays \$8,000,000 taxes annually.  
Seward will publish his travels when he gets home.  
Augusta, Georgia, is afflicted with burglars.  
"Shoo Fly" is the last style of hats for gentlemen.  
The postal telegraph system meets with favor in Texas.  
Three Americans in Paris propose starting a daily paper.  
A temperance society has got a foothold in Grenada, Mississippi.  
The ice at Nebraska City is firm enough to sustain a locomotive.  
A cotton compress in Memphis turns out five hundred bales per day.  
Columbus, Georgia, has thirty-six lawyers and forty-two physicians.  
A foot of snow would be worth \$300,000,000 to the New England loggers.  
Fox hunting is now the principal sport in Camden county, New Jersey.  
Mansfield, Ohio, is to have a new hotel, opera house, and union depot.  
The Five Points Home of Industry has established an inebriate asylum.  
A new newspaper is about publishing at Dresden, devoted to shooting stars.  
A backwoods cavalry company in Iowa has been named the "Grant Huss Guards."  
There is a woman in the Wisconsin Insane Asylum who imagines herself an Indian.  
The Philadelphia Odd Fellows are putting up the handsomest "temple" in the country.  
The Cairo Bulletin gravely talks about "Sturgeon, the celebrated English preacher."  
An iron steamboat ninety feet long and nineteen feet beam is to be built at Dubuque.  
One of the best gunboats in the Chinese navy is commanded by an American named Edwards.  
The leading newspaper of New Jersey styles Richard Grant White "that irrepressible newspaper nuisance."  
A man with a "commission from Paul to preach," is holding forth in the towns of Vermont.  
A husband defends himself against the suit of a deserted wife, in the New York courts, by the statement that his wife is a man.  
North Carolina thinks of encouraging cotton manufactures by exempting mills from taxation for five years.  
The book list of the Messrs. Harpers forms a volume of above 300 pages, and contains the titles of more than 3,000 publications.  
Peach trees which had entirely ceased to bear fruit, have been restored by the application of fresh wood ashes around the roots.  
The Louisville Courier-Journal calls Alcorn a "Senatorial nabob," and thinks Offenbach is a relative of Cumback.  
A young lady in Pennsylvania recently killed a skunk with a butcher knife. She says the bottle is not always to the strong.  
Governor McDougall is going to start a paper in Ottawa, having abandoned gubernatorial aspirations.  
The New York Times says the Democratic party is to-day a melancholy example of the value of brains to party organizations, and of the danger of getting rid of them.  
The New York Herald, jenkized Prince Arthur at church on Sunday and said the la-

dies surveyed his life whiskers, and wondered at the latent energy of their growth.  
An old Boston doctor says: "A house whose entrance smells musty is dangerous. Avoid it. Don't live in it. Keep the children out of it."

Edward L. Coy, a noted seedman of West Hebron, New York, raised 1,400 barrels of Rose potatoes, last year, from twenty-seven barrels of seed.  
A vile Philadelphia thief waylaid a young lady in the street on Tuesday night, and finding nothing worth taking in her pockets, cut off her hair with a dull knife.

A woman at Booth's Theater, while enjoying "Hamlet," wanted to know of her escort why Rosencrans didn't wear his general's uniform.  
Francois Deak, the great Hungarian statesman, has recently lost so much money by the forgeries of a faithless steward, that he is now believed to be bankrupt.

The survey of England and Wales, commenced in 1791, has been completed. When Scotland is done, in 1875, we are to have a revised map of the "tight" little isle.

A Boston magazine writer has gone into the grocery business, saying the highest salary a good story writer can get is five hundred dollars per year.

Colonel Budd, of New Albany, is certainly a bud of promise. He has paid taxes for sixty-one years, and has never failed to walk up to the Collector's office promptly.

What is the difference between an actor walking the "boards," and a sailor walking the "planks?" One sees the upturned faces, and the other faces the upturned seas.—[Boston Bulletin.]

Last year the eight hundred and seventeen manufacturers in Louisville had \$17,834,508 capital invested; employed 11,626 operatives, and produced articles valued in the aggregate at \$41,979,000.

A correspondent of the Charleston News says that "Shoo Fly" was sung there by negroes who worked on the rebel fortifications, and that their favorite was another lively chant, "When de day's work is done, won't you holler!"

In France there are four hundred and seventy beet-root sugar factories, one hundred and sixteen in Belgium and two hundred and twenty-five in Prussia. Last year Switzerland alone produced 2,500,000 pounds of beet-root sugar.

Some gentlemen in Philadelphia who were in such a hurry to resume specie payments that they set up a shop for the manufacture of five and three cent pieces, have been jailed by the hiring minions of a tyrannical Administration.—[Detroit Tribune.]

Eugenie sold the dresses she wore during her Oriental tour, two hundred and fifty in number, with a great collection of hats and bonnets, at auction, for the benefit of her orphan school, but they brought very small prices. The best dress in the lot—a rose colored satin—sold for twenty-two dollars.

The members of the New York Typographical Union complain of the manner in which they were treated by the telegraphers during their recent strike, who, having obtained from them a donation of five hundred dollars, knowing their cause lost, gave up their strike on the very next day.

At the late Woman's Rights Convention, in Washington, a member said that "woman wants bread, she wants work, she wants clothes." Especially clothes. If there is any thing a woman wants worse than clothes, it is a husband—until she gets him.—[Chicago Times.]

**Boys' Rights.**

BY A BOY.  
Talk about the women and the darkies and the—the—all the rest of 'em; none of 'em are half so badly used as the boys are. I know a lot, and I can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you that to be a boy is to somebody without a right in the world. You're to take all the sass that's given, and give none back 'cause you're a boy. You're to pay full fare in the cars and omnibuses, 'cause you're a boy and not a child; and never have a seat 'cause you're a boy and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her. Everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says, "Come, now, you boy." You've paid your sixpence. No matter—that's nothing.  
You've been on your legs with bundles all day. Who cares? you're a boy. Now, a horse has such a load given him, as he can carry, and a man won't carry any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's no limit to it.

Who don't know a boy who does a man's work and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't read an advertisement for a boy who writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, bountiful with his parents, is trustworthy, and no imprudence about him? The best recommendations required, and two dollars a week wages. Ask a boy whether old folks don't make as much fuss about it as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up for life.

Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sisters don't in the parlor. Your father don't; he always asks, if you are not wanted to do something somewhere. You make your mother's headache whenever you come near her. Old ladies snap you off. Young ladies "hate you." Young men tease you, and give it to you if you tease back. Other fellows—its because they're aggravated so, I know—always want to fight if they don't know you, and when you get a black eye or a torn jacket, you hear of it at home.

You look back and wonder if you ever were that pretty little fellow in petticoats that everybody stuffs with candy, and you wonder whether you'll ever be a man to be liked by the girls and be treated politely by the other fellows, and paid for your work, and allowed to do as you choose. And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help it; and hear your grandfather or somebody complaining that "there are no boys now," and wonder if he remembers the life they led, that he don't consider it a subject of rejoicing. There's only one comfort in it all; boys will grow up, and then they generally forget all they went through in their youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they suffered.

**Paying Her Back.**

That pre-eminently religious sheet, the New York Observer, has outdone all its contemporaries in personal assaults upon Mrs. Stowe in connection with the Byron business. It is stated, however, that Dr. Prime, the editor, in his younger days made a tender of his heart and hand to Mrs. Harriet Beecher, and was refused. The Doctor is getting his revenge now, though it would seem that at his period of life, and with all his experience, the venerable gentleman ought to be able to lay aside any kind of feelings growing out of a youthful affair of the heart. Or are the lingering traces of the lady's remarkable beauty still too powerful for the preservation of his equanimity? Who can tell?—[Troy Times.]

**SEWING MACHINES.**  
**WE**  
**WARRANT**  
**AMERICAN Button-hole**  
**OVERSEAMING**  
**AND**  
**SEWING MACHINE!**  
**TO BE**  
**SUPERIOR**  
To all Others in the Market.  
**\$20 IN ADVANCE**  
**Ten Dollars Per Month**  
**Will Buy One.**  
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**18 N. Delaware Street.**  
Jan23-603m.

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**MARTIN, HOPKINS & OHR,**  
**FIRE AND LIFE**  
**INSURANCE AGENCY**  
NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,  
INDIANAPOLIS.  
CASH ASSETS:  
Insurance Company of North America, \$2,586,632 10  
Continental Insurance Company, of New York, 2,232,000 75  
International Insurance Company, of New York, 1,177,403 00  
National, of Boston, 600,000 00  
Yonkers and New York Insurance Company, of New York, 678,464 20  
Merchants' Insurance Company, of Chicago, Illinois, 826,728 11  
Commerce, Albany, New York, 640,315 94  
Northwestern Mutual Life, of Wisconsin, 6,750,433 83  
Jan21-5m.

**H O M E**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
**OF NEW YORK.**  
ASSETS, Jan. 1, 1870, - \$4,516,368 46.  
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Jan24-3m.

**St. Louis Mutual Life Ins. Co.**  
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**FOR HOLIDAYS.**  
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**HAINES**  
The reputation of these Pianos is fully established as being unsurpassed by any for a rich, full tone, elasticity of touch, long standing in time, and elegance of style and finish. Every article used in the construction of the Haines Piano is of the best quality, and in the best condition. The prices being reasonable they can not fail to suit any who may desire to purchase.  
M. A. STOWELL, Agent for Indianapolis, is now receiving an assortment for this market. Also, Chickering & Sons and Cottage Pianos, the best and cheapest. Good second-hand Pianos at low figures. Instruments to rent. Pianos tuned.  
dec3-3m-wed, fri, mon.

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Wholesale and Retail  
**China, Glass & Queensware,**  
**STOVES, TINWARE, CUTLERY AND**  
**HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.**  
dec1-3m

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**LOUIS LANG,**  
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IMPORTER OF  
**RHINE WINES**  
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Native, Still and Sparkling Wines, Bottled  
Liquors, Stock Ale, Lager Beer  
and Older.  
Always on hand, a large assortment of choice Cigars.  
Jan1-1m.  
If you want a situation advertise for it in The News. Fifteen cents may procure you a handsome one.  
TAKE THE NEWS into your families. It will do them good.

**THE NEWS.**  
**THE NEWS.**  
An Independent Journal.

**THE ONLY EVENING PAPER**  
In the City which publishes the  
Dispatches of the Associated Press  
And has the power to receive  
**SPECIAL DISPATCHES.**

**ITS MARKET REPORTS**  
Are full and complete, and every effort is made to have them correct and reliable in every particular. Business men can depend upon them, for they are revised daily by a competent and careful reporter. The quotations from  
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Is presented in a most attractive form, and contains everything transpiring up to the hour of going to press.  
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**A Popular Paper.**  
Being interesting, alike to the business man, to the professional man, the mechanic and the laborer. It is a Family Paper, one which will be read and enjoyed by parents and children. No one should be without it. The Editor is ably assisted in the preparation of the Paper, and accomplished correspondents of acknowledged ability, have been secured in the leading cities.  
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A man which every body can afford to pay, and less than which many people spend every day for articles of no real use or comfort.  
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Offers to the public a  
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**JOHN H. HOLLIDAY,**  
Manager.



# ARRIVALS, ETC. OF MAILS

## Arrival and Closing of Mails.

All mails are carried for delivery immediately upon their arrival at the office.

**EAST.**

Via Columbus & Indianapolis R.R.

New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Washington, Baltimore, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Richmond, Columbia, O., Dayton, O., 6:30 a.m.

Richmond, O., Dayton, O., 6:30 a.m.

Via Baltimore & Annapolis R.R.

Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, Boston, all of New England and Northern Ohio, 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

**WEST.**

Via Terre Haute R.R.

St. Louis, all of Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Missouri, Southern and Central Illinois, Terre Haute, 6:30 a.m.

Terre Haute, 6:30 a.m.

Evansville, Vincennes and Northwestern Indiana, 6:30 a.m.

**NORTH.**

Via Erie R.R.

All Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, 6:30 a.m.

Chicago, Northern Illinois, Nebraska, Peru, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Via Lafayette R.R.

Quincy, Springfield, Decatur, Bloomington, Peoria, Jacksonville, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

**SOUTH.**

Via Jeffersonville R.R.

All of Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Arkansas, Louisville, New Albany, Jeffersonville, Madison and Seymour, 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Via Cincinnati R.R.

All Southern Ohio and Eastern Kentucky, 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Via Vincennes R.R.

Martinsville, West Newton, Valley Mills, Spencer, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Via Junction R.R.

Connersville, Rushville, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Crawfordsville R.R.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

**HOSE MAILS.**

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Crawfordsville R.R.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

Brownsville, Clermont, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

New Ross, New Elizabeth, etc., 6:30 a.m.

Way, 6:30 a.m.

**W. R. HOLLOWAY, P. M.**

**WANTED.**

WANTED—Cut and sewed Carpet Bags, at Call & Rush's. We will pay the highest price for cut and sewed Carpet Bags. Call & Rush, feb-14

WANTED—Shoemakers outside of the city to know that no more journeymen are wanted in the city at present. ST. CRISPIN, feb-14

WANTED—Immediately, six first class Sewed Boot Makers. Good wages given, and steady employment, at 208 Meridian street. feb-14

WANTED—It known that Madam Odair, Clairvoyant, will tell future events, give names, see and character any one, and deliver character from likeness. Room No. 12, up stairs, in Miller's Block, North Illinois st. jan-14

**FOR SALE OR TRADE.**

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR CITY PROPERTY: A Farm of 50 acres, on the National Pike, eleven and three-quarter miles east of the city, near Cumberland, Md. It has the best of black soil, with a new one and a half story frame house of five rooms, and frame stable; all under fence; 35 acres cleared; 45 acres in heavy timber. Also, 400 to 500 cords of good coal for further information call on or address W. M. GRAFENSTEIN, No. 821 North Alabama street. feb-14

**CATARRH.**

TRADE MARK. \$500 Reward is offered for a cure of Catarrh of the Bladder, or for a cure of Catarrh of the Prostate, which can not cure. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 60 cents. A pamphlet on Catarrh, free. Address, Dr. J. H. Pierce, 320 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

**RAILROAD.**

**"Bee Line."**

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

BY WAY OF CRESTLINE.

ON and after MONDAY, December 5, 1893, Passenger trains will leave INDIANAPOLIS, and arrive at points named below as follows:

**STATIONS.**

Indianapolis, 3:20 a.m., 10:35 a.m., 7:40 p.m.

Dayton, 9:45 a.m., 6:30 p.m.

Bellefontaine, 9:21 a.m., 3:30 p.m.

Crestline, 10:15 a.m., 4:00 p.m.

Cleveland, 3:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m.

Buffalo, 3:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m.

Way, 6:30 p.m.

Detroit, 11:30 p.m., 9:15 a.m.

Dunkirk, 9:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m.

Pittsburgh, 11:35 a.m., 3:40 p.m.

Way, 6:30 p.m.

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# MONEY AND TRADE.

## Money.

The following is the condition of the New York money market.

New York, Feb. 2, 12:15 P. M.

Gold closed at 121 1/2.

U. S. 6's, 115 1/2.

U. S. 5's, 115 1/2.

Do. 6's, 115 1/2.

Do. 6's, 115 1/2.

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